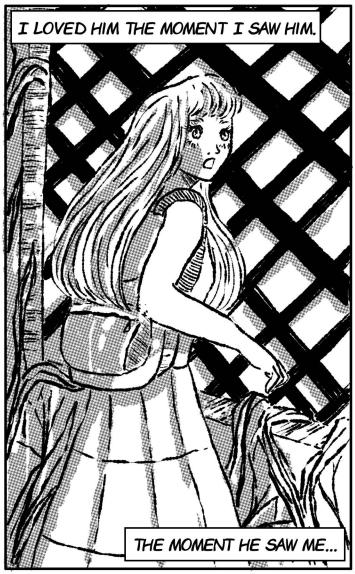
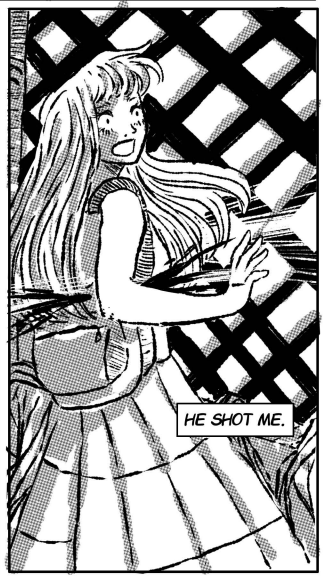
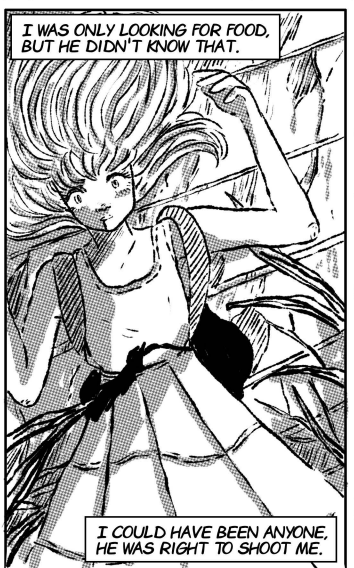
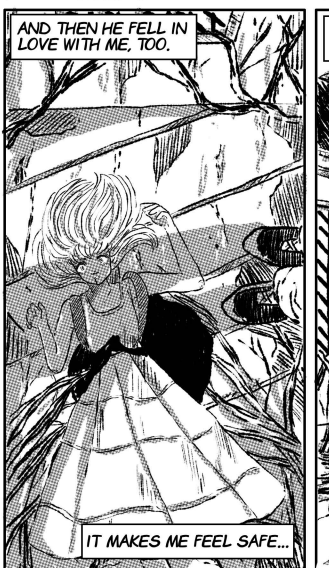
WE'RE IN THE BATH. WE'RE BOTH NAKED. HE'S STRAPPED TO A CHAIR AND I'M STOOD BEHIND HIM.
I CLEANED THE BATHROOM THE BEST I COULD, BUT YOU CAN ONLY GET THINGS SO CLEAN.


I LOVED HIM THE MOMENT I SAW HIM.
THE MOMENT HE SAW ME...

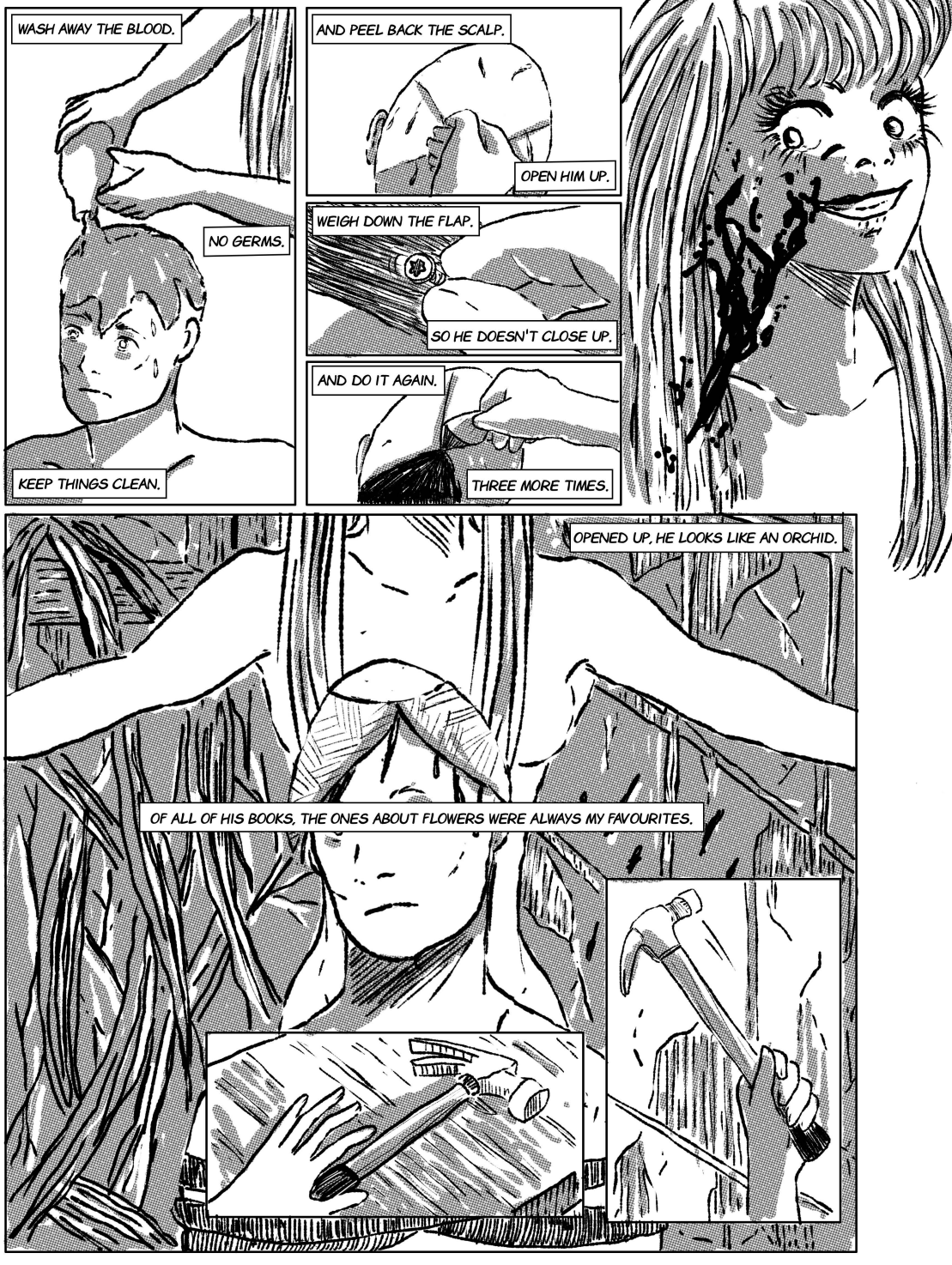

HE SHOT ME.


I WAS ONLY LOOKING FOR FOOD, BUT HE DIDN'T KNOW THAT.
I COULD HAVE BEEN ANYONE, HE WAS RIGHT TO SHOOT ME.

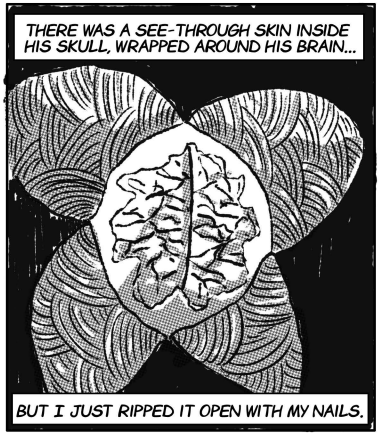

AND THEN HE FELL IN LOVE WITH ME, TOO.
IT MAKES ME FEEL SAFE...

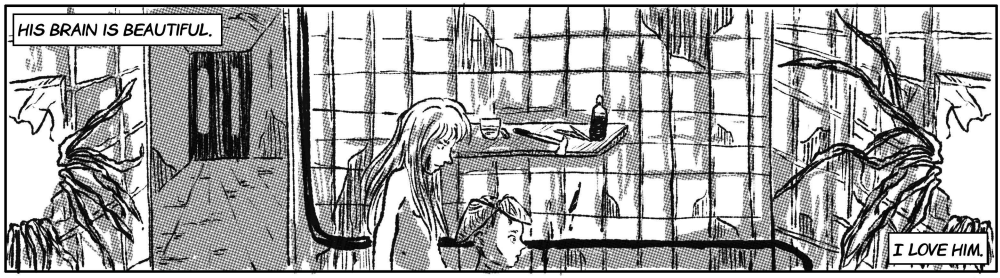
...KNOWING THAT HE'LL SHOOT ANYONE WHO COMES NEAR US.

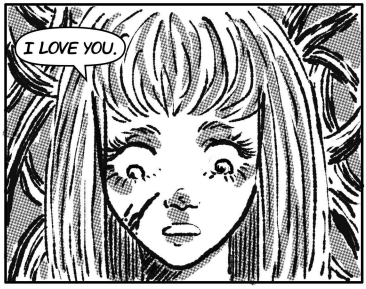
HE SEWED ME UP IN THIS SAME BATH
WHILE HE WAS DOING IT, HE TOLD ME ALL ABOUT THE WORMS. THE ONES IN OUR HEADS. HOW THEY CONTROL WHAT WE THINK.
THEY CAME FROM SPACE, HE SAYS. THEY FELL LIKE RAIN DURING THE STORMS.
THEY STOP US BEING FREE.
I TELL HIM I LOVE HIM.
WE READ IN THE OLD BOOKS THAT YOU'RE ONLY MEANT TO NUMB THE PART YOU'RE CUTTING INTO.
WE'VE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO MASTER THAT.
HE SLAPS MY THIGH WITH A LIMP, DEAD HAND.
HE'S READY.
HE'S TOO NUMB TO TELL ME HE LOVES ME, BUT THAT'S OK, I KNOW HE DOES.
RAZOR. ALCOHOL. NO GERMS.
CLEAN HANDS.
NO SHAKES.
CUT HIM OPEN.
A BIG X ACROSS THE SCALP.
JUST LIKE WE PRACTISED.
LOTS OF BLOOD.
JUST LIKE HE SAID.

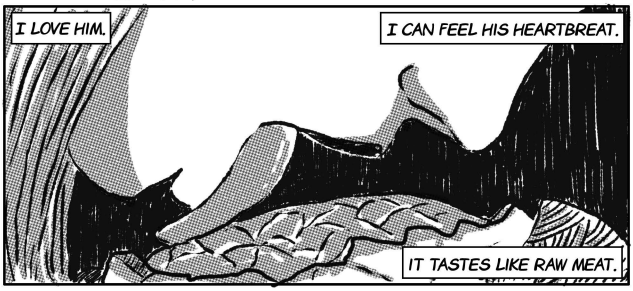

WASH AWAY THE BLOOD.
NO GERMS.
KEEP THINGS CLEAN.
AND PEEL BACK THE SCALP.
OPEN HIM UP.
WEIGH DOWN THE FLAP.
SO HE DOESN'T CLOSE UP.
AND DO IT AGAIN.
THREE MORE TIMES.
OPENED UP, HE LOOKS LIKE AN ORCHID.
OF ALL OF HIS BOOKS, THE ONES ABOUT FLOWERS WERE ALWAYS MY FAVOURITES.

THE WHOLE ROOM SMELLS LIKE RUST.
I'M ALL COVERED IN HIS BLOOD.

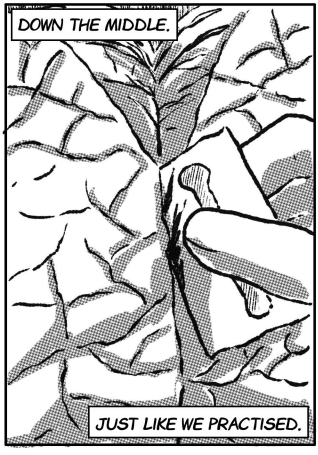

THERE WAS A SEE-THROUGH SKIN INSIDE HIS SKULL, WRAPPED AROUND HIS BRAIN...
BUT I JUST RIPPED IT OPEN WITH MY NAILS.

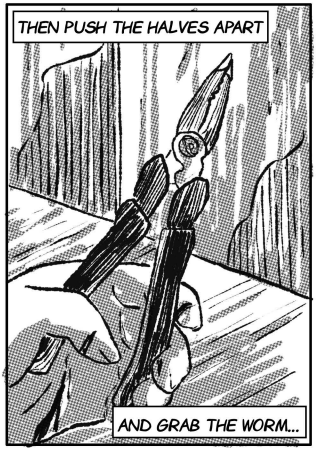

HIS BRAIN IS BEAUTIFUL.
I LOVE HIM.

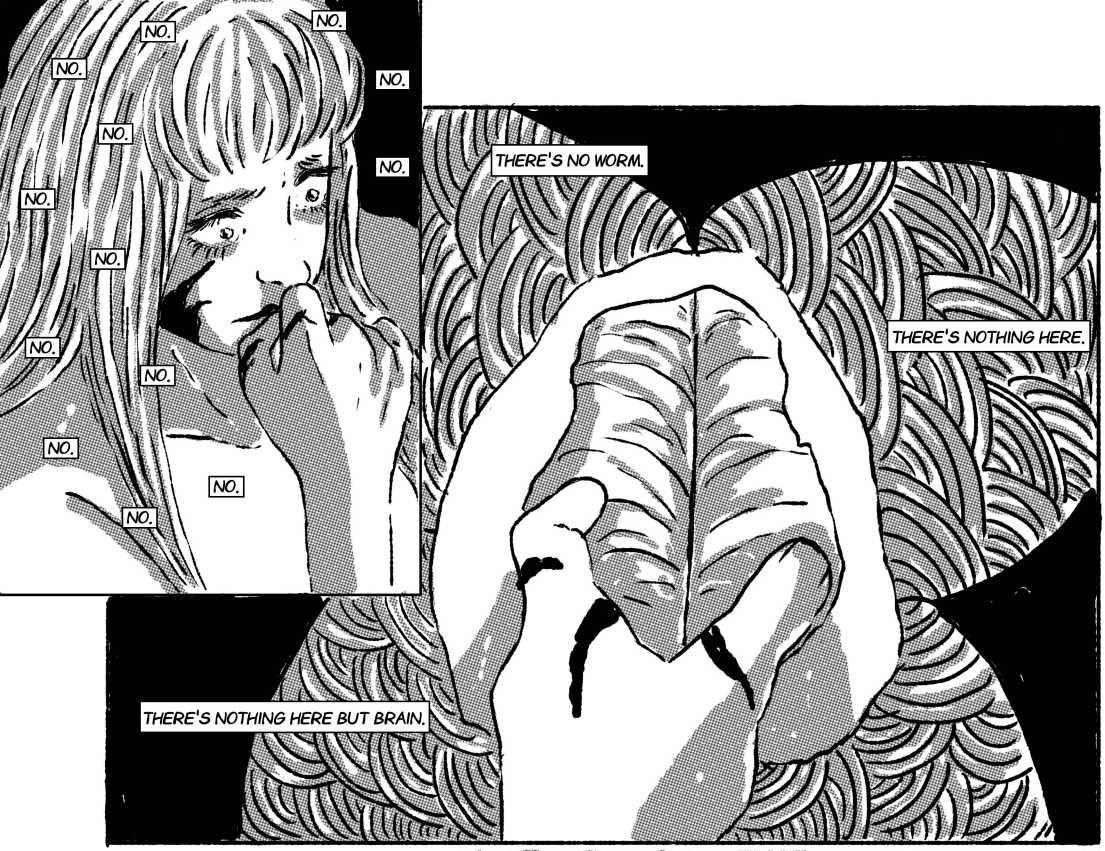

I LOVE YOU.

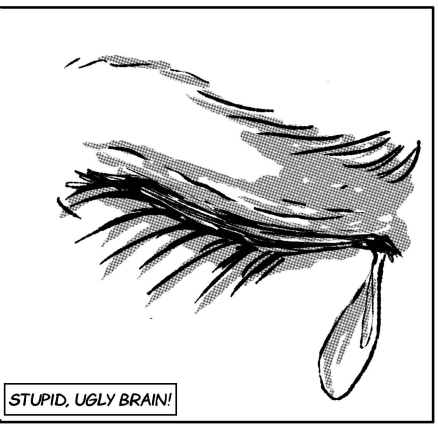

I LOVE HIM.
I CAN FEEL HIS HEARTBREAT.
IT TASTES LIKE RAW MEAT.

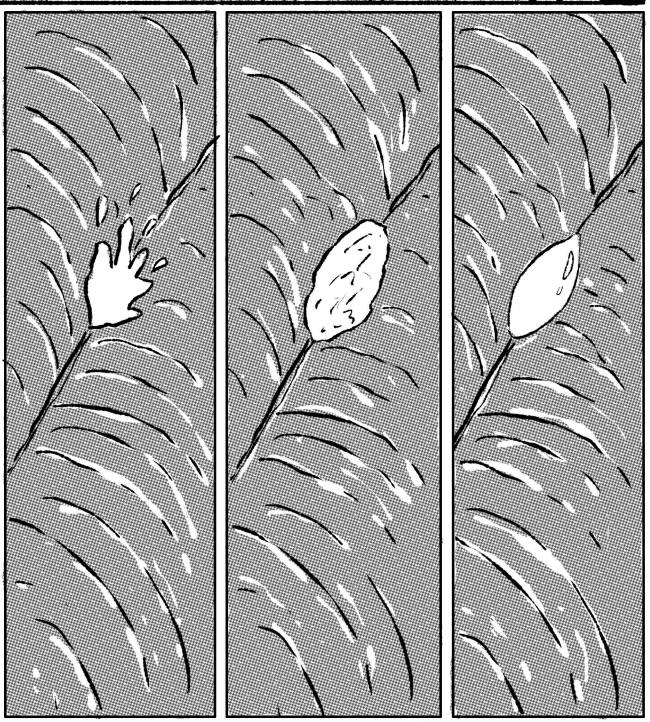
I'M SORRY.
FOCUS.


DOWN THE MIDDLE.
JUST LIKE WE PRACTISED.

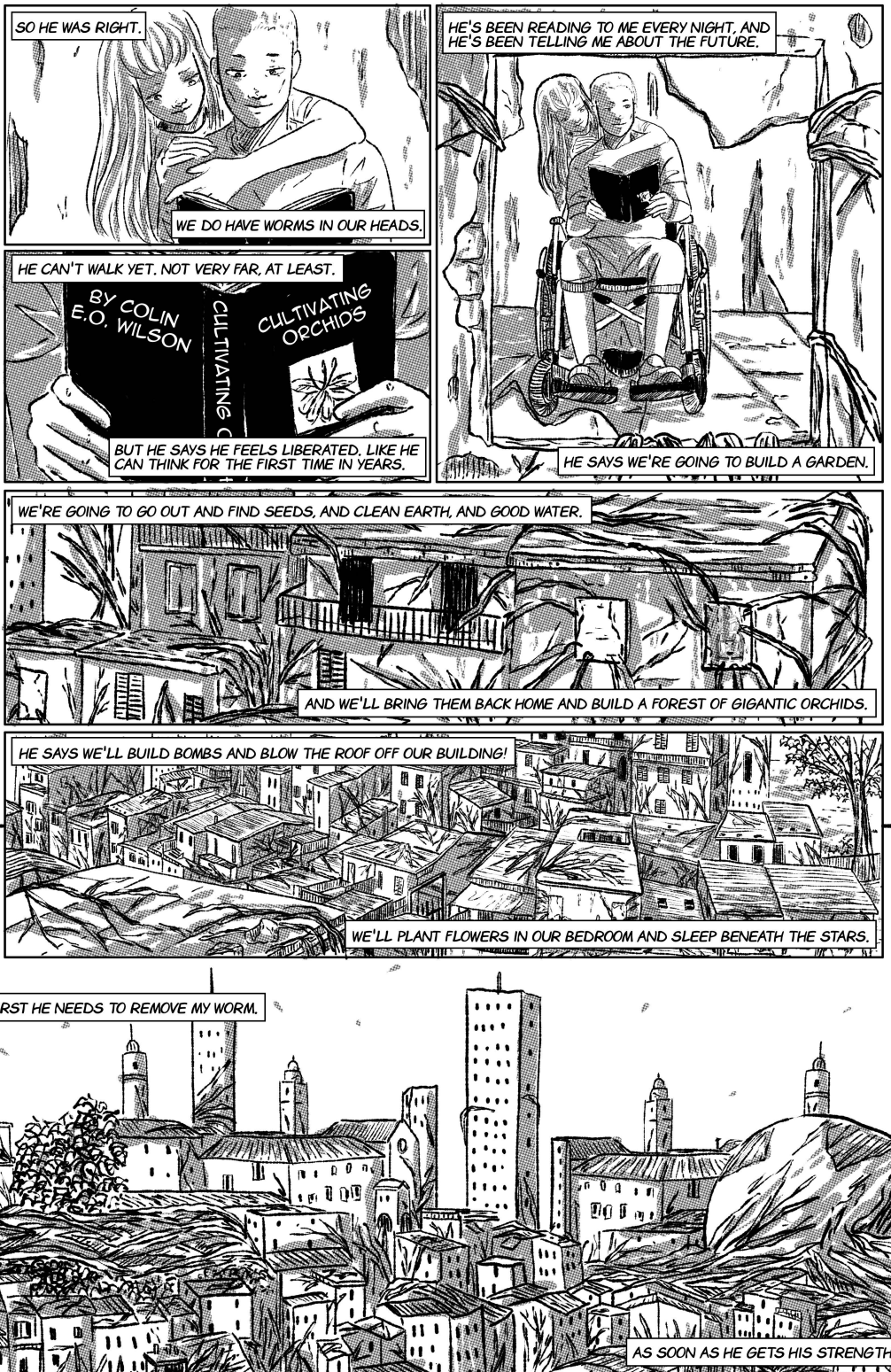

THEN PUSH THE HALVES APART
AND GRAB THE WORM...


NO.
NO.
NO.
NO.
NO.
NO.
NO.
NO.
NO.
NO.
NO.
THERE'S NO WORM.
THERE'S NOTHING HERE.
THERE'S NOTHING HERE BUT BRAIN.


STUPID, UGLY BRAIN!


MY TEARS FALL INTO HIS THOUGHTS LIKE ACID RAIN.

!!!
CRUSH ITS HEAD!
AND PULL!
KEEP PULLING!
DON'T STOP PULLING UNTIL...
THEN PUT THE WORM INSIDE THE BOTTLE.
IT'S OUT!
SHOW HIM.
LET HIM SEE THAT HE'S FREE.
AND SEAL IT WITH A LIGHTER, SO THE WORM CAN'T EVER GET OUT.


SO HE WAS RIGHT.
WE DO HAVE WORMS IN OUR HEADS.
HE'S BEEN READING TO ME EVERY NIGHT, AND HE'S BEEN TELLING ME ABOUT THE FUTURE.
HE CAN'T WALK YET. NOT VERY FAR, AT LEAST.
BY COLIN E.O. WILSON
CULTIVATING ORCHIDS
BUT HE SAYS HE FEELS LIBERATED. LIKE HE CAN THINK FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YEARS.
HE SAYS WE'RE GOING TO BUILD A GARDEN.
WE'RE GOING TO GO OUT AND FIND SEEDS, AND CLEAN EARTH, AND GOOD WATER.
AND WE'LL BRING THEM BACK HOME AND BUILD A FOREST OF GIGANTIC ORCHIDS.
HE SAYS WE'LL BUILD BOMBS AND BLOW THE ROOF OFF OUR BUILDING!
WE'LL PLANT FLOWERS IN OUR BEDROOM AND SLEEP BENEATH THE STARS.
BUT FIRST HE NEEDS TO REMOVE MY WORM.
AS SOON AS HE GETS HIS STRENGTH BACK.